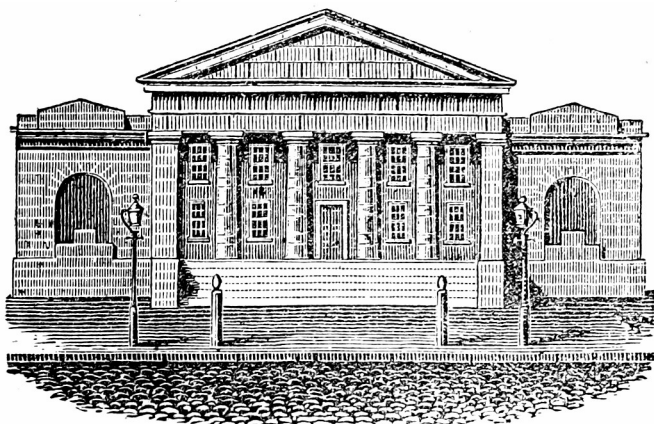


THE RECOGNITION;

OR THE

DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.



Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Philadelphia.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—ISAIAH ix. 2.

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LOVE ALONE BLEST.

WE barter life for pottage ; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown ;
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.

Our faded crown, despised and flung aside,
Shall on some brother's brow immortal bloom ;
No partial hand the blessing may misguide ;
No flatt'ring fancy change our Monarch's doom :

His righteous doom,—that meek, true-hearted love,
The everlasting birthright should receive,
The softest dews drop on her from above,*
The richest green her mountain-garland weave :

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest-born,
Bow to her sway, and move at her behest : —
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,
Nor Balaam's curse on love, which God *has blest*.

* *Genesis* xxvii. 27, 28

THE RECOGNITION;

OR,

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

A True Narrative.

ONE summer afternoon I was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a picture, which I was particularly anxious to complete, and having made all those arrangements in the morning which I thought could interfere with my design, and thinking it scarcely possible that I could meet with any interruption, I applied myself with the most perfect satisfaction and the most absorbing interest to my favorite occupation. I was just congratulating myself that I had selected such an appropriate season for accomplishing my purpose, and was anticipating the joyful surprise my picture would occasion when presented to the friend for whom it was designed, when I was suddenly startled by the ringing of the street-door bell, which was soon followed by a messenger with the intelligence that a stranger, whom I shall call Miss L., (upon the present occasion,) was in the parlor, and requested to see me. As I had always derived much pleasure and improvement from her conversation, and entertained a high respect for her character, I should have been delighted to welcome her at any other juncture, and under any other circumstances, than the particular one to which I have just alluded. However, I descended immediately, and was so much pleased to see one to whom I had been so long attached, and to talk of 'old times,' that I forgot my picture and every thing else, until she informed me she had called to inquire where she could procure some articles she was anxious to obtain? My first impulse was to offer to accompany her, as I thought she would have some difficulty in finding the places I designated, but I hesitated a moment before I offered my services, thinking I could not attend her, and finish my picture also; but suddenly recollecting St. Peter's injunction, 'use hospitality without grudging,' I determined to relinquish my first design, and devote my afternoon to her.

It occurred to me at this time, that it was wrong to feel such an *intense* and *absorbing* interest in any sublunary object or pursuit as would prevent me from gratifying any reasonable demand, or which would indispose me for applying myself promptly and cheerfully to any social duty which might arise from unforeseen contingencies like the present; and that I should not deceive myself by imagining I was engaged in an innocent amusement or harmless recreation, when I felt such a great reluctance to relinquish it in order to attend to an

imperative duty. The Psalmist says, 'I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou hast set my heart at liberty:' I not only felt indisposed to run, but even to move upon the present occasion, so fettered was I by self-will, so entirely was my heart engrossed by one exclusive object. Yet as this tempting picture was not for myself, I endeavored to persuade myself that I was not selfish, and attributed my impatience to complete it to laudable and disinterested kindness, although I knew there was no absolute necessity for finishing it that afternoon, and that the gift would be equally acceptable a day later. These petty acts of self-denial which we are constantly called upon to practise in our daily social intercourse, have a salutary influence in strengthening a habit of self-command; and the more disagreeable and annoying they are to our indolence and selfishness, the more we require this kind of discipline. There is nothing more lovely and engaging in a friend than the uniform exhibition of a good-humored obliging disposition, which finds its own happiness in consulting the convenience and promoting the comfort of all around. Many are willing to signalize themselves by *occasionally* doing some 'great thing,' who are *habitually* extremely reluctant to put themselves in the slightest degree out of their own way, to perform those obliging little acts upon which so much of the comfort and happiness of social life depend. Whenever Providence blesses us with an opportunity of being useful, and we neglect to take advantage of it, we are guilty of a *sin* of omission, according to St. James, who says, 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is *sin*.'

I had reason to rejoice this afternoon that I had sacrificed my own inclination, as I was more than compensated for the trifling act of self-denial I had practised, by witnessing a most novel and touching exhibition of gratitude. This interesting spectacle, which I shall presently attempt to delineate, I hope will prove as acceptable to my readers in description, as it was gratifying to myself in reality.

After my friend had completed her purchases, which were soon accomplished, as she devoted but little time to her own immediate gratification, she informed me that she intended visiting a girl, for whom she was particularly interested, in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Several years previous to our visit, I had accidentally ascertained that Miss L. supported one of the inmates of this noble institution, whom she had rescued from that vice and misery which would almost inevitably have resulted from the situation in which she was placed. I inquired if it were the same individual, and when she replied in the affirmative, my curiosity was powerfully excited to observe how this recipient of her bounty would receive her benefactress, and I volunteered to accompany her.

I knew that my friend had met with her full share of ingratitude from the numerous objects she had endeavored to relieve,

but hoped this deaf and dumb girl might prove an honorable exception.

Miss L. was one of those perseveringly benevolent people, who are rather stimulated to increased exertion, than discouraged, by the ingratitude they meet from those whom they attempt to benefit. The worse she found people to be, the more she exerted herself to improve them; and when she found one absolutely incorrigible, she sought out *another*, whom there was a greater probability of benefitting. She said every instance of ingratitude she met with served as a useful lesson to herself, and led her to inquire, what innumerable comforts and mercies am I continually receiving from my heavenly Father, without returning any adequate thanks, and frequently without even reflecting 'from whom those blessings flow?' Why should I expect more gratitude from my frail fellow-creatures, than I render to my God for 'all his gifts to me?' We are commanded by our Saviour 'to do good, hoping for *nothing* again;' and should require no other encouragement than the anticipation of our Redeemer's joyful benediction, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

Every kind act we perform for others, *improves our own character and disposition.*

When we arrived at the Asylum, the school had just been dismissed, and the scholars were amusing themselves with their different recreations, which they immediately suspended upon our entrance, and fixed their inquisitive eyes upon us, with that indescribable expression which is peculiar to the deaf and dumb. When we entered the apartment in which the female pupils were assembled, I observed a very interesting young girl, apparently nineteen years of age, in the remotest corner of the room, and was particularly struck with her appearance. She was clad in the most simple and homely attire, but her dress was arranged with that peculiar air of neatness which indicates a well regulated mind. Her sunny golden ringlets were parted in such a manner on her pure white forehead as to give us a full view of her remarkably open, candid, ingenuous countenance, and threw an additional softness over her mild, thoughtful, and rather pensive blue eye. I inquired who it was, and was not a little pleased to ascertain that it was the young girl who was the object of our visit, and whom I shall name Ellen in the present narrative. When she was apprized that visitors desired to see her, she advanced with an air of modesty, politeness, and self-respect, which prepossessed me still more in her favor. She was ignorant that her benefactress was in the city; but as she approached more nearly, with a dubious and inquiring countenance, the resemblance of the stranger to one who was so deservedly dear to her, appeared to excite the most pleasurable emotions. As Ellen advanced toward us, she began to suspect that it might be the person to whom she was most indebted upon earth; but, from the vacillating expression of her

countenance, she appeared to me to be afraid to indulge the delightful hope, lest she might be disappointed: but when she ascertained that her fondest hopes were realized, it is impossible to describe her delight. No language can do justice to that gradual recognition; no painter could faithfully depict the mute but impassioned eloquence of that illumined eye which kindled with ecstasy and melted with sensibility; or catch the transient flush, the varying tints, which beautified her glowing cheek.

How forcibly did that inimitably beautiful definition of one of the Abbé Sicard's deaf and dumb pupils, that 'gratitude is the memory of the heart,' recur to my mind, when I beheld this exquisite moral scene. Ellen's first irresistible impulse was to rush into the arms of her benefactress, to fall on her neck, and embrace her: but instantaneously recollecting the vast difference in their respective ranks and stations in society, she suddenly retreated, blushing the deepest crimson; then timidly raising her downcast eyes, which were glistening through her tears, she fixed them upon Miss L., as if to implore her pardon for the unwarrantable liberty she had taken. Her speaking eyes expressed, as plainly as words could do, 'Pray forgive me, indeed, indeed I could not help it; I was so overcome with delight in seeing you so unexpectedly, I forgot every thing else.'

I was at a loss which to admire the most, the artless expression of her grateful attachment, or the mute but pathetic apology which succeeded it. It was impossible to misunderstand the speaking eloquence of that beseeching eye, or to refuse its affecting petition. O, thought I, how amply is my friend repaid for all her kindness to this grateful, this warm-hearted young girl, by the pure delight, the luxury of this moment!

How encouraging are these beautiful moral spectacles, which are occasionally presented to our view, to refresh us in our pilgrimage; traits of disinterestedness, benevolence, gratitude, and affection, are as delightful to the heart, as the oases or bright spots of verdure which enliven and invigorate the weary and exhausted traveller, in the burning sandy desert. These emanations from the HOLY SPIRIT of love, and light, and joy, shed bright rays of light to gild the gloom of the moral desert of this 'sin-stricken world.'

When Ellen had sufficiently recovered from her excitement, she turned around to her companions, and informed them who the stranger was. The congratulatory smile which brightened their youthful faces, and their animated gesticulations declared, as plainly as language could do, how sincerely they sympathized in her joy, and convinced me that Ellen was the general favorite. This gay and joyous expression was suddenly converted into one of the deepest reverence and veneration when they gazed upon Miss L., as if they imagined she belonged to a superior order of beings. And surely if those who 'live by faith and not by sight,' and are 'a peculiar people, zealous of good works,'—

'who live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them,' are superior to the common herd who act upon the ignoble and sensual maxim, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' then were these children correct in their judgments, and proved themselves to be good physiognomists upon that occasion. In the meantime Ellen ran eagerly to procure two little slates, one for herself, and another for her friend, in order to facilitate the interchange of thought and feeling, as Miss L. was unacquainted with the *manual language* and signs by which the deaf and dumb have been taught to express themselves.

At first sight I was deeply affected in observing that peculiarly pensive expression of countenance, which characterizes the deaf and dumb; but was happy to perceive this melancholy expression give way to the most animated cheerfulness, while the two friends were thus pleasantly engaged together. While Miss L. was writing her questions and answers in her turn, Ellen's eyes, which beamed with delighted affection, were rivetted on her loved features, as if to assure herself that it was no illusive dream or delightful vision before her.

If I was gratified with the exhibition of Ellen's affectionate gratitude, I was not less pleased with that rare and beautiful simplicity which threw such a charm over my friend's manner, and enhanced her benefits so greatly, which St. Paul recommends to all those who confer obligations upon others, 'He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity.' Many convert favors into insults, by a certain oppressive ostentation, or ungracious reluctance of manner, and then complain of the ingratitude of the recipients of their bounty, and make that an excuse for their indolence and selfishness in future.

After Ellen and her benefactress had enjoyed 'the full free converse of the friendly heart,' for a short time, we were obliged to take our leave, as we perceived from the windows that the sun was rapidly declining in the west. As my friend had formed another engagement for the evening, I reluctantly parted from her, after thanking her for the unexpected treat she had provided for me, and returned home to indulge in solitary meditations for the remainder of the evening.

I will now communicate my desultory reflections upon the occasion to my readers, in order that they may compare them with those which this narrative may excite in their own minds.

For the satisfaction of those who are anxious to learn how Miss L. and Ellen became known to each other, I will draw a slight sketch of their lives at the time the acquaintance commenced. Miss L. employed the greater part of that time which she could spare from an unwearied attendance on the couch of an aged and infirm parent, in going about doing good. She was as judicious as she was unwearied in her benevolent exertions. She endeavored to diminish pauperism, by finding suitable

employment for the poor, to whom she paid the regular wages; and to those who did it faithfully, she gave little gratuities of such things as their exigencies required. She set up many poor widows in small shops, and assisted them with her advice, and in many other ways. It was her delight to read to the blind and to the sick; to instruct the young and the ignorant; and to increase the comforts of the aged and decrepit, and all those who were incapacitated by infirmity from assisting themselves: but when the idle, the drunken, and the worthless had the effrontery to apply to her for assistance, instead of encouraging them in their vices, she uniformly dismissed them with St. Paul's emphatic decision, 'He that will not work, neither let him eat.' One day while diving into the hovels of indigence and misery, she discovered this desolate little being, sitting in the darkness of her bewildered mind, surrounded by victims of poverty and vice; from whose contaminating example she could learn nothing but evil. She was immediately inspired with the heavenly desire of rescuing this helpless and unfortunate individual from the degradation of her situation. It is a gratifying and profitable exercise of the mind to observe the leadings of a particular Providence, in the minute and apparently casual incidents of life, as well as in those of more momentous concern: reflection and observation will soon convince us that 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;' and it will afford inestimable comfort to those who walk uprightly, to know that 'the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.'

After encountering and overcoming many difficulties, Miss L. at length prevailed upon Ellen's relations to relinquish their claims upon her, and placed her in this happy asylum, where her intellect has been enlightened, her moral sense cultivated, and the ardent feelings of her young heart directed to the 'Author of every good and perfect gift.' The deaf and dumb have no conception of a Supreme Being, 'the High and Mighty Ruler of the universe,' until they are instructed in this first article of our belief! This fact demonstrates the insufficiency of reason as a light to the human mind; and proves the indispensable necessity of a *divine revelation*, as 'a lamp to our feet, and a light to our paths.' 'Thanks be unto God for this, his unspeakable gift!' Never was I so fully convinced of the force of *holy Job's* interrogatory, 'Canst thou *by searching* find out God, canst thou find out the ALMIGHTY unto perfection?' until I ascertained this important fact.

To a superficial observer, Ellen, from her peculiar deprivations, would have appeared the only object of commiseration in her family; but those who love to 'justify the ways of God to man,' who 'from *seeming evil* still educe *good*,' will acquiesce in that mysterious dispensation which has been made subservient to her temporal, and we hope to her eternal interests also. Ellen gratefully acknowledges that particular Providence, which directed the steps of her charitable visiter to her dark abode;

how will she hereafter rejoice in that apparent misfortune which made her the object of such beneficent attentions. Every situation has its spiritual, if not temporal advantages. Ellen, in being deprived of speech and hearing, has certainly been prevented from committing many of those 'sins of the tongue' which are so offensive to our Maker. Although

'God knows what 't is our lips would vent,
Our yet unutter'd words' intent ;'

and those who are deaf and dumb, as well as those who possess the delightful faculties of speech and hearing, are actually guilty in the sight of an omniscient God, if they have 'bitter envyings and strife in their hearts,' even if they do not give vent to their unchristian feelings in words; yet much guilt and mischief would be prevented, if we allowed ourselves time to reflect, and did not exasperate each other by sharp quick replies; so I believe the deaf and dumb escape much external provocation, from not understanding the common language of those with whom they live. It would be a great advantage to us all, if we acted occasionally as if we were deaf and dumb,—if we would turn a *deaf* ear to all the fascinating but soul-destroying allurements and temptations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' The Psalmist says he put a bridle upon his mouth and 'was *dumb* while the wicked were before him;' and St. James pronounces that man's religion to be vain which does not induce him to '*bridle his tongue.*'

It is evident that Ellen's young heart was not hardened, or her artless mind corrupted by the sinful example, and profane but unintelligible discourse of those with whom she lived from her infancy. Thus even with our dim vision, we see 'God looking upon her for good. Let this consideration encourage us in every trying circumstance, and in every unpleasant or painful situation in which we may be placed by a mysterious, but all-wise Providence, 'to exult in hope that all will yet be well.' In this probationary state

'Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
'This is happiness to me.'

And O! how glowing will that inscription be when viewed in the light of eternity! '*God is love,*' will be chanted by "cherubim and seraphim, by angels and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven," through the endless ages of eternity; and those who have meekly submitted to the greatest privations, and patiently endured the deepest and heaviest afflictions, will join the most exultingly in the angelic strain. In the last day, when our blessed Saviour 'shall come in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead,' with what grateful rapture, with what holy joy will the redeemed, who rise to the life immortal, mutually ask each other, 'O! hath he not indeed

done *all* things well?' All the rest of Ellen's family, without a single exception, are madly following the devices and desires of their own depraved hearts; they are treading in those paths which inevitably lead to the mansions of everlasting despair, where 'there is the blackness of darkness for ever!' Ellen is walking in the paths of pleasantness and peace, and 'goes on her way rejoicing' in the bright beams of light, which the Sun of Righteousness sheds on his Church, of which she has become a zealous member. She is diligently using the means of grace, and animated in her Christian course by the hopes of eternal glory. She is now guided on her way by that 'true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' but, before her mind was informed, 'the light shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.'

It is true that she cannot show forth the praises of God with her *lips*, but she does what is far better, she lets her light so shine before men, they see her good works, and glorify her Father who is in heaven. The whole tenor of her life evinces that she is a 'child of God.' No one who is acquainted with her, and observes her daily walk, can doubt the genuine character of that faith which is evinced in the sweetness and kindness of her *manner*, the cheerfulness and mildness of her *temper*, and in the uniform and conscientious performance of all the *relative duties* of her situation. Her patroness frequently receives the most satisfactory assurances of her capabilities and her faithful exertions from the matron, who loves Ellen as a daughter. She says when she is incapacitated, by indisposition, from superintending the arrangements of the establishment, that Ellen attends to every thing in the most judicious manner, and that she places such confidence in her integrity, that her mind is relieved from all anxiety. She says, that she is in every way an inestimable treasure to her, and a blessing to the institution; as her consistent example of piety and usefulness sheds a salutary influence on all around, and has already produced the happiest effects upon the other scholars. When the inmates of the asylum are prevented from attending the services of the sanctuary on Sunday, Ellen assembles them all together, in the school-room, and leads their devotions; and, afterward, clearly and forcibly explains some little portion of *Scripture*, with which she is well acquainted, in the most interesting manner you can imagine. Which of us, with all our faculties and advantages, can compare with this deaf and dumb girl in true piety and usefulness? Surely this little band of silent youthful worshippers, kneeling in meek humility, and offering their mute adorations to the Father of their spirits, presents a spectacle upon which angels may gaze with delight: and those who have been the honored instruments in producing such a beautiful, such a blessed result, may contemplate the scene with grateful satisfaction and complacency. Those who impatiently expect to reap almost as soon as they have sown,

would have felt their interest in Ellen diminished by her apparent dulness, and been discouraged in seeing her so far surpassed by the generality of the scholars, in learning to read, and in her other acquirements; but her patient instructors were at length agreeably surprised in discovering, that although her perceptions were not quick, yet she possessed uncommon solidity of mind, and sound practical judgment, very superior to most girls of her age who possess every natural and acquired advantage.

As soon as Ellen could write she commenced a correspondence with her benefactress. Her letters were exceedingly interesting, from the originality of their style, from the freshness of her youthful feelings and ideas, and from the singular phraseology which is peculiar to the writings of the deaf and dumb. Miss L. gladly availed herself of the favorable opportunities which letters afford, to advise Ellen in all her little difficulties, to explain her various duties to her, and to animate and encourage her in the performance of them. She enforced her arguments by appropriate texts of Scripture, which Ellen always treasured up in her memory. It is incalculable how much good we each might accomplish in our correspondence with those young friends and relatives who respect our judgments, and whom we have endeared to us by little acts of kindness. There is scarcely any thing which children prize as much as a *letter*; they are gratified and flattered by being noticed in this way, and generally repeat over and over again the contents of the valued epistle, and ponder the expressions in their hearts. Perhaps some holy text, some useful and pious suggestion, conveyed through this agreeable medium, may tell upon their eternal interests: some little seed, thus sown, and watered with the dew of the Divine blessing, may germinate, bud, and blossom, and bring forth much fruit. Let us then take advantage of every such opportunity

To breathe the enlivening spirit,
And fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast.'

In the course of the correspondence Miss L. was delighted to observe the spirit of genuine piety which breathed in Ellen's letters. She expressed such a child-like confidence in her heavenly Father, such a *happy security* in his overruling providence. She acknowledged that when she reflected upon the deplorable condition of all those who were naturally near and dear to her, that her spirit was grieved, and her young heart was sad, but that God's precious promises refreshed and comforted her soul. In a late letter to her friend, she expressed the joyful gratitude she felt in being permitted to partake of that

'Sacred feast which JESUS makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!'

O, it was a touching, a deeply affecting sight, to behold this interesting young Christian meekly and devoutly receiving the consecrated memorials of her Redeemer's dying love!

How many sources of pure and innocent delight are now opened to Ellen's expanding and inquiring mind: the books of Creation, of Providence, and of Redemption, which were formerly sealed, are now unfolded to her delighted and adoring view! Untutored and uninstructed, she would have regarded the beautiful and stupendous works of nature 'with brute unconscious gaze,' but now she looks with illumined eye 'through nature up to nature's God,' and exclaims, '*My Father made them all.*'

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
ALMIGHTY, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then ?

Instead of fearing an '*unknown God*,' she humbly adores the Omnipotent Creator and Preserver of all mankind; instead of being a prey to superstitious and mysterious horrors, she rejoices in the paternal care of her heavenly Father, feeling assured that in every danger and difficulty, 'the ALMIGHTY God is her refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms;' that 'the LORD God is a sun and a shield; the LORD will give grace and glory; and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' Instead of wasting her time in frivolous conversation, or sinful company, she can now profitably 'commune with her own heart in her chamber, and be still.' Although she is deprived of many social pleasures, yet in her lonely and solitary hours, she can enjoy the highest and most ennobling intellectual gratification of which the human soul is capable, in holding 'high converse with her God!' She draws treasures of heavenly wisdom from the word of God, and refreshes her soul at this inexhaustible spring of pure delight. As she has no relatives who are capable of giving her useful advice, this destitution only induces her to pray more frequently and more fervently to the Fountain of wisdom and love, 'from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed,' and 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,' that he would guide her safely through all the dark and bewildering mazes of life: and He who has promised to guide 'the meek in judgment,' answers her humble petitions; for Ellen appears to have an almost intuitive perception of whatever is right and fit in her peculiar situation. O! is it surprising that she should be so overwhelmed with joy, in seeing one who had been the chosen instrument of the Father of mercies to convey such unspeakable consolations to her desolate heart, such ineffable delights to her wondering mind?

I reflected that the first thrilling sound that will strike upon Ellen's astonished ear will be the awakening note of the archangel's trumpet, summoning the quick and dead to judgment! O, solemn thought! the first sentence she will ever hear pronounced, will be the eternal benediction of those on the right hand of their Saviour and Judge, 'Come, ye blessed of my

Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ;' and the immutable malediction denounced against those on the left, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!' I hope she will be enabled to continue faithful until death, and then, when mortality is swallowed up of life, and she shall be invested with a glorified body, 'will the tongue of the dumb be loosed,' and the first use she will make of her newly acquired faculty, will be in an ascription of praise to the 'holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God,' who made, redeemed, and sanctified her. The first song she will ever sing, will be the song of the redeemed, 'Alleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!' The first concord of sweet sounds that will ever strike upon her enraptured sense, will be the celestial harmony of the angelic choir, of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, who surround the throne, saying, with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!' O! if poor Ellen's joy was so excessive in beholding her *earthly* benefactress, how intense! how overwhelming will be her 'wonder, love, and praise, 'when she beholds Him who was the 'Author, Finisher, and Rewarder of her faith' and obedience; whom not having seen, she loved! I often endeavor to realize the morning of the resurrection, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God; I contemplate the blissful re-union of friends and relatives, who have been long separated by death; and think, if through the efficacy of that atoning blood 'which cleanseth from all sin,' and the infinite merits of Him, 'who is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world;' I should be accounted worthy to enter the mansions of the blest, how happy I shall be to see 'the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs,' and the great and good of all ages; and think what a satisfaction it will be to me to express my obligations to all those among them who may have benefitted my soul, either by their writings, or their recorded examples. I thought, upon the present occasion, if Ellen was so overjoyed to meet her friend here below, how infinitely greater will be her joy to 'recognise' her among the blessed: for then, and then only, when she shall have entered into 'the joy of her Lord,' will she be able fully to comprehend and to appreciate the extent of her obligations to that kind and truly Christian friend, who was so greatly instrumental in leading her to the knowledge and love of 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

E X T R A C T.

'Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the LORD, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.'—*Hosea x. 12.*

It would be as absurd for a man to expect that God's mercy should save him without works of righteousness, as for the husbandman to look for a harvest without ever ploughing and sowing his ground. He were a madman in his husbandry that should do this, and he is no less infatuated in his religion that doth the other. The same thing under the same metaphor St. Paul teacheth us, *Gal. vi. 7, 8*:—'Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting:' which great truth the Scripture delivers in proper terms, when it tells us, as it often doth, that 'God will render to or reward every man according to his works.' 'Without holiness no man shall see the LORD,' saith the divine author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, chap. xii. 14. Without a *holy life* here, no man ought to expect or hope for a *happy life* hereafter. But when we have sown in righteousness, that is, done righteous works, we must not plead any *merit* of our own in having so done; but must look for the reward of our righteousness only from the *free grace and mercy* of God. He that is richest in good works, must sue for heaven in the quality of a poor worthless creature, that needs infinite mercy to bring him thither; mercy to pardon his sins, antecedent to his good works; mercy to forgive the sins and defects in his works; mercy to advance his works (being, though supposed never so perfect, yet finite and temporary,) to the possibility of attaining an infinite and endless reward. He must confess with St. Paul, that 'eternal life is the gift of God through JESUS CHRIST.' *Rom. vi. 23.* That it is the rich purchase of CHRIST's most precious blood, by which alone a covenant of eternal life was established upon the gracious condition of *faith working by love*; that it was the grace of the divine SPIRIT, promised in the same covenant that prevented him and co-operated with him, and continually assisted and followed him in all his good works, and consequently, that though his crown of glory be a crown of righteousness, that is, of God's righteousness, whereby he is obliged to make good his own covenant; yet that it is a crown of mercy too, because that covenant itself was a covenant of infinite grace and mercy. And if the best of men, after all the good works they have done or can do, need mercy, infinite mercy to save them; what a miserable condition are they in, who have *no good works* at all to show; but on the contrary, *a large catalogue of wicked works*, unrepented of, to account for? We may say in this sense with St. Peter, 'If the righteous

scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' 1 *Pet.* iv. 18. Certainly even the *mercy* of God cannot save this man, because his *holiness* will not suffer him. For though our good works are not required to make us capable of *meriting* heaven, (that being impossible for us,) yet they are *absolutely necessary* to make us fit objects for infinite mercy to bestow heaven on, or in the excellent words of St. Paul, 'to make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' *Col.* i. 12.—BISHOP BULL.

O God, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O FATHER, and thee, O HOLY GHOST, he liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

O HELP US, LORD! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth to live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore,
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, LORD, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to thy fold we call,
 Imploring at thy feet
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,
 'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, LORD of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

O help us, Jesus ! from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O ! help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

THE END.